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A DAY IN

“THE VERY NOBLE CITY,”

MANILA.



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A DAY

IN

"THE VERY NOBLE CITY,"

MANILA.

A LECTURE.

YOKOHAMA:

PRINTED AT THE "JAPAN GAZETTE" OFFICE.

1899.

MAY 1 1899.

(177)

May 1, 1899.

A DAY IN
"THE VERY NOBLE CITY,"
MANILA.

Not long after a midnight early in the year, in an overheated, malodorous cabin, on one of the small steamers that labour through the sea between Hongkong and Manila, I awoke from a restless sleep. The tumultuous waters had become quiet. With the increasing smoothness of the vessel's motion I was soon aroused to complete wakefulness, and went upon deck. A warm, soft air was blowing. The sky was a-sparkle with stars, some of them strange to me. The ocean, in the far distance lost in blackness, lightened near by under a luminous sky and scintillated with phosphorescence where the steamer cleaved its path through it. But, not far away, off the starboard quarter, arose, dark within the horizon's gloom, a great mound from whose further edge flashed a brilliant light. That, I guessed, is the island of Corregidor. We

were on our way up the bay towards the city of Manila. To the north, but dimly seen, stood the mainland as a mountain mass. Forward, the ship seemed to be dashing onward through the open sea. Across that bay I knew there yet lay nearly thirty miles ere we should finish our voyage. Before long I went below ; and there, with thoughts of a midnight seven months before, when a fleet of war-vessels glided dark in the darkness over the very path our steamer was then following, I fell asleep. When I again awoke the ship's engine had ceased its monotonous poundings. Once more on deck, I found a scene wholly different from that of the midnight. Our vessel was yet moving—gliding very slowly,—through the still water, but around it, visible in the night's lessening gloom, lay numerous craft small and great. Off the starboard bow, along a shore faintly marked, glittered many star-like lights, high over which in the paling sky flared the morning star. Far away to the southwest lay on the horizon a cluster of twinkling points, as though a constellation were about to sink from sight, and almost directly above them, erect in the heavens, shone in unclouded isolation the Southern Cross. The dawn came swiftly. The obscure

scene rapidly took on definite shapes. The star-like lights along the shore suddenly, wholly disappeared. Slowly the eastern sky brightened. An anchor was dropped from our ship. Then, the sun arose, following a gorgeous procession of colours, moving over sky, sea and land. At last, after three nights and two days of struggle through buffeting seas, our vessel had come to rest, moored near the long breakwater wall, past which the Pasig river gives itself to Manila Bay.

IN THE BAY OF MANILA.

With the sunrise the silent ships around broke forth into bustle and noise. A bugle's *reveille* discovered that several of the vessels there were for the purposes of war, not of commerce. Soon we saw their decks teeming with soldiers. But of commanding interest for the time, was the view of the land disclosed by the rising sun. Against the eastern horizon, stretched in sombre, irregular outline the roofs, towers and battlements of the famed capital of the Oriental tropics, named three hundred years ago "The Very Noble City." Three centuries ago it was already a capital, and more than three hundred years ago it had been honored as the city "always

loyal." King Philip III of Great Spain did but seek to crown the city by adding to the legend for years emblazoned on its Coat of Arms the eminent title—"The Very Noble." There, under the effulgence of the risen sun it appeared, bringing to mind, with picturesque outline drawn against the sky, the city of Dante and Giotto. I longed to pass within those low-stretched walls! But they were yet more than a mile distant across an expanse of water.

For quite a while after the sun-rise we were met with no greeting or inquiry from the shore. The early hour, however, was full of interest to us visitors from other lands. Cavite was pointed out, miles to the south, where we could just see the gathered American fleet at rest. From the masts and rigging of those grim guards and fighters had shone the constellation-like, twinkling points visible to us before the break of day. Almost in the line of view towards those ships of war, just beyond the breakwater, lay a pathetic reminder of that terrible morning in May a year ago,—a Spanish cruiser, just raised from the depths into which it had then been sunk by Admiral Dewey's guns. There it was at anchor, a broken, battered, barren hulk, saved from the ocean to be

made again, if possible, a machine of deadly power, but to serve henceforward the will of new masters. The troop-ships near by, so we learned, were filled with a regiment and a battery ordered to the support of the expedition that, a few days before, had left Manila to take possession of the mid-Philippine port, Iloilo.

UP THE PASIG RIVER.

By the kindness of an English merchant returning to his home, two of us of the ship's passengers, were enabled to make an early landing in the city. Permitted by the brown-clad American soldiers, who, in the interests of the Customs service, had taken possession of our vessel, the merchant made us welcome on the deck of his launch. Then, passing the troop-ships, whose soldiers by the score were taking their morning plunges into the bay and filling the air with boisterous shoutings over their play, our host's launch sped to the river's mouth and up the stream. The ride to our landing place was not far, not much more than two miles, but this evening's time would fail me were I to try tell of all the sights of novel interest there revealed. Memories of southern Florida were started as I saw on the

surface of the bay, floating down the river, thickly clustered bunches of some water-lettuce like plant. Constantly renewed in the lakes and streams of the far interior; constantly detached from its place of birth to float seaward, and always threatening to close the paths for inland navigation, this growth distinctively marks the tropic swamp and lagoon. Yes, I felt, we are now in a land where winter never comes. Then, as we entered the river, there to entertain us was a motley fleet of river-craft, moving up and down stream and clustering by the stone walls that border the river. These craft were gay with paint of various hues, wrought into barbaric patterns the length of their broad gunwales. Nearly all of them were covered with low, arched or polygonal roofs woven from a palm-like fibre and leaf. They were laden, all in part with human freight,—men, women and children,—dark of skin and gaudy though scant of clothing, while for the rest of their cargoes, were here hemp, there sugar, and there stone or other material of commerce. Most of these boats were propelled by long poles pushed from narrow platforms fastened along their sides almost on a level with the water. Many canoes too were

on the river, patterned like the canoe common throughout the islands of the South Sea,—narrow and cranky, but steadied by an outrigger, and propelled by paddles that look like large, round platters affixed to slender handles. A goodly number of steamships of considerable tonnage, but light of draught, in service chiefly for inter-island communication, lined the quays. And these, together with the fussy tugs and launches that slid in and out among the barges and canoes,—survivals from a barbaric past,—displayed graphically the meeting and conflict of old and new, of savageism and enlightenment, and of the supreme power of the agencies of civilization. Not far beyond the shore end of the long mole by which the river is guided to the sea, getting a glimpse down a palm-bordered path-way and drive at our right that bordered the sea front, we passed a gloomy yet picturesque mass of ramparts, bastions and embrasures, over which waved the flag of the United States,—old Fort Santiago of both illustrious and cruel history. Fort Santiago forms the north-western angle of the Citadel, or the original Manila City. More than three hundred years ago those massive walls, yet mighty though ancient, arose from the river's edge. Then too, were

built by Chinese hands,—so goes the tradition—all the almost three miles of triangle of elaborate defence, that, from this stronghold as an apex, shut in the Spaniards of old times from their many foes. The best that the military skill of the world could devise for fortification in the sixteenth century, Spain, then the possessor of a mighty Empire, gave in these walls to its “Very Noble City” of the Far East. Onward, up the river for more than half a mile further, sped our little boat. At the right continued, as far as we went, those forbidding ramparts. They gradually inclined from the river, back of a widening quay and the spacious Plaza de Magallanes, showing thereby only the more fully the overtopping towers, spires and domes of the palaces, churches, monasteries and colleges crowded together behind them. There lay the true Manila,—the Manila of centuries past—wherein has centered Spain as State, Church and School. Opposite, on the other bank of the river, near the river’s wall, were many ware-houses, factories and storage grounds. There we saw also the offices of the Port Captain and the numerous buildings connected with the Bureau of the Customs. Streets, at close intervals, led straight away from the

quay, busy with drays, wagons and crowds of moving men and women. There lay another Manila,—the Manila that has had its growth in more modern and peaceful years,—the Manila of Spain active in the world's commerce. Towards the end of our little trip the river became crowded with its varied craft. By good fortune, when we neared the Puente de Espana, the "Bridge of Spain," the first main trans-river way, crossing the Pasig a mile from the bay, we found a space of the wall at our left free at the time from boats. Our launch took possession of this space in order that we two tourists might make a landing. While hardly within leaping distance of the wall, from a score of Filipinos gathered there, half their number sprang upon our deck and tried to lay hold of our luggage. But in a moment these would-be helpers fled from before the wrath of our native skipper. We were then placed safely ashore by our host's servants. After careful directions for our goings, our host bidding us "good bye" and "good luck," ordered his launch again into the stream to go farther inland to his riverside home.

FROM PLAZA MORAGA TO HOTEL DE ORIENTE.

Then came moments that, in some vocabu-

laries, would be called "psychological." Just why, I do not know; but the name sounds well when applied to such experiences as ours. Not an intelligible word could either of us speak to the men who surrounded us and were eager to bear our burdens. To three of those bare-footed fellows, clothed only with thin trowsers and dangling shirts, I entrusted my satchels and started them over the pavement with the words "Hotel de Oriente." We two kept close behind our porters holding them together as a drove that might scatter. At last we reached the broad, lofty portal of the hotel.

I shall not soon forget that walk. It was over within fifteen minutes, but seldom have more entertaining and varied impressions been crowded into a quarter of an hour. Dazzling sunshine and summer heat filled the air. As much as possible we took our way under the narrow arcades and awnings that border the street. Immediately from our landing place we entered the Plaza Moraga, part of Manila's main business center. There were moving, rude drays hauled by the water-buffalo, a queer-looking patient, powerful beast, as important to the Filipino as the camel to the Arab. There too, passed rapidly and noisily

over the stone pavement various and unique kinds of carriages drawn by pony-like horses. Human burden-bearers also were in our way. Many men and women of various degrees, some of them queerly costumed, were passing. And across the plaza lay in a long curve a modern tram-car way. Imposing, though tawdry and soiled-looking buildings arose around the square, all evidently occupied and most of them in prosperous use. In some of them, on the ground-floors were gaudily decorated shops. Our way led directly towards the north, through the Calle Rosario, headquarters of Chinese merchants. We could not stop at any of the dirty, cramped yet attractive bazaars ; we kept steadily on trying to see, and at the same time trying to avoid collision with the Filipinos, Spaniards, Chinamen, American soldiers, and who knows whom else obstructing the sidewalk. We managed, however, to avoid serious collision ; to follow closely our luggage-bearers, and to emerge with them at length into the freer space of the Plaza Calderon, right under the walls of a great church, that, except for its shabby looks, Aladdin might have transported as a whole from some old town of southern Europe. To eyes fresh from the north and the sea, it

was as though they had been opened in medieval Spain. Just beyond the church arose the huge, almost palatial-looking, tobacco factory, "La Insular," opposite which, across a street, stood the house of our search, the "Hotel de Oriente." Now, thought I, our troubles are past. Host, friend and guide await us within those lofty walls, and we can take our ease in this inn.

HOTEL DE ORIENTE.

But at the hotel entrance, for some time, although numerous seeming attendants were there no word or act of help was offered us. At length we succeeded in getting an old man to take our luggage into his charge. Ascending whither he pointed, we climbed a staircase,—two long flights,—and were at last in the hotel proper. But for quite a while even there, no English speaking helper appeared. We summoned one and we sought him to the evident amusement of several observers. In time he came, but he was a most dismal, cadaverous, unwelcoming host. He had no rooms for us he lamented, but he would allow us to have breakfast before we should begin search for abiding places. I need not take time to tell of that breakfast, or of the dreariness of

the interior of that great hotel. Of course, neither houses nor people are especially attractive *en deshabille*, but it seemed to me that the desolateness of that breakfast room; the disorder of the not over-clean tables that guests had just left; the dingy corridors around the room, from which doors stood open into disarranged bed-chambers, and into which the debris of the bed chambers had been discharged and left, combined with the slovenly appearance of the native servants slipping about in bare feet over the carpetless floors, made a spectacle less agreeable to the senses than one usually meets with in hotels even in mid-morning. To be sure, there was an extraordinary spaciousness in the hallways, and rooms, both in breadth and height; a free inflow of air; a shaded light and a general openness of effect, that was novel and restful in contrast with the glare, dust and heat of the street. Possibly had we been welcomed and made guests we should in time have found life there not intolerable. But in all likelihood we were not desired. At any rate we must go elsewhere. By good fortune before the noon-hour both of us were "at home;" my fellow traveler at another hotel; I under the hospitable roof of a friend

of years ago, in one of the pleasantest of Manila's suburbs, where the waters of the bay wash the beach just outside the walls at the rear of his grounds, and where, at the front, a lovely garden separates the building from the main street.

THE ROSARIO AND THE PLAZA CERVANTES.

In my wanderings that morning there was time enough for both sight and hearing to receive many impressions from the strange surroundings. I left the hotel in one of the thousands of pigmy two-wheeled carriages that are everywhere hurrying over Manila's hard, paved streets. The sturdy ponies that draw them seem willing to make their best speed in spite of the ceaseless whackings they get from their white or blue-clad drivers perched on the narrow semi-circle seats that curve into the fronts of the vehicles. The motion of the *quilez*—the kind of carriage I hired—is very tedious, and after a time almost insufferable. A rocking chair on cobble stones would be hardly more miserable. Back along the Rosario I was first taken to stop for a while at the Plaza Cervantes. There, at a branch of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, I saw for the first time banking done wholly with silver

coin. Mexican dollars apparently were the exclusive currency. Customers, not a few, were receiving and carrying away in good-sized sacks the money they had called for. This plaza, directly adjoining at a corner the Plaza Moraga, yet differs from that markedly, as a district devoted to wholesale houses, or the professions, differs from places given over to business at retail. This square was comparatively quiet. Around it arose two storied buildings typical of Manila's architecture, high studded, solid and forbidding-looking as to the lower or ground floors, but from the floors above, cheery, open and apparently full of comfort. As a rule, the second floors project well over the side-walks below, giving shelter from sun and rain and adding to the rooms above, airy balconies. These balconies may be entirely closed in by large-panelled, sliding windows, that give light through miniature frames inset with thin discs of shell, that are light-bearing but excluding the shining of the sun. Above, protected by the overhanging roofs, wide lattice-work frames allow free movement to the breezes, needful in Manila the year through, by night as well as by day. The walls of the lower stories where not open for retail shops or lower floor

occupations, as in this plaza, are almost prison-like. Their windows are unglazed, shuttered and iron-bound. The doors are exceptionally heavy and strong. A long, narrow, shaded park-area extends through the middle of the Plaza Cervantes.

MANY SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

At the Rosairo end of the park-area is a good place from which to observe the coming and going of the ordinary population of Manila. One could long study the strange spectacle there. To those who live in the Far East the summer-clad Chinaman or European would be a familiar object. But any visitor would be much entertained, I think, with the Filipino's odd costume: the man as a rule wearing a soft straw hat; then, having put on just such a shirt as may be found in any gentleman's wardrobe, leaving it to hang, stiffly starched often down the whole length of the front, outside loose white trousers that are drawn over shoeless feet. With slight variations, especially in the value of the materials used, this costume marks the ordinary native male Filipino. The woman is clad in a loose, long skirt of some bright, strong color, the skirt queerly folded about

the person, its train generally held in one hand to be kept from dragging on the ground. The upper part of the body is partially covered by a sort of chemisette or jacket, wide-sleeved,—usually slipping away from one of the shoulders,—while over all there is commonly worn what looks like a quite uncomfortable collar standing very high at the back and pinned low in front. The general effect of the appearance of the clothing of the common Filipino woman, however, is that of just being about to fall away and into pieces. As a rule the Filipino women are quite erect; many of them habitually carry heavy burdens on their heads. But how they can bear these burdens, while yet smoking cigars as is common with them, holding long skirts from the ground and not losing the slippers that are kept on their feet only by a narrow covering for the toes, I do not understand. Past the square, frequently lounged Spanish officers and soldiers clad in white and blue striped cotton, or linen, and evidently idlers in the crowd. Insurgent soldiers were there too, differing but little in appearance from the Spaniards except by their scarlet shoulder straps. There also passed the American volunteer clothed in brown, or blue and white,

often slouchy-looking under his sombrero-like hat, but bearing himself as a man of power with full right to his place on the street. The neatly dressed foreign merchant or official, clothed in suits of white, often came and went, giving tone, one might say, to this show of "all sorts and conditions of men."

But one who tells of only one day in the "Very Noble City" may not take more than a glance at this confused human procession. *Quilez* and *carromatas* rattled by in quick succession. Patient buffalos plodded past, hauling unguinly carts. And now and then, lo! with only a feeble "Punch and Judy" whistle to clear the way, down the Rosario came rumbling an overfilled, open tram-car.

THE ESCOLTA.

Having wakened my *quilez* driver from the sleep into which he and his kind seem to fall as soon as they have a rest from driving, we took place in line among the moving vehicles. Crossing the Plaza Moraga, we entered the Escolta,—Manila's Regent Street or Broadway. The Escolta stretches for almost half a mile eastward, separated from the river only by a row of buildings. There, closely ranged, are shops, bazars, restaurants, and many other

of the appliances of western civilization. Many of the wide doorways and windows display the wares exposed for sale within, as such things may be seen in Naples, or even in Paris. The Central Post Office is there, and numbers of the Escolta's buildings rise to three stories in height. Some of their facades are ambitious attempts in artistic architecture. All the houses, with their broad awnings, balconies and outside curtains, are evidently made for a land in which the summer is perpetual, and where the sun, never far from the zenith at noon, rules the day.

One might spend hours in the Escolta wandering from shop to shop, or loafing in some of the restaurants on the river-side of the street and upon the open canopied platforms that, in their rears, are built to the water's edge. But we had to leave the street almost as soon as we had entered it, that I might get to my friends in Malate by the noon hour. At our turning from the Escolta to the "Bridge of Spain," behold! there stood in radiant freshness, as though in New York, the corner stand of an American boot-black, displaying his art with large advertisements. "Verily, a real transformation for this 'Very Noble City' has begun," thought I. For centuries resting

in romantic tawdriness and sanctity, here has appeared unquestionably a pioneer of a different kind of life. This reflection was emphasized at the same moment by sounds of a jangling piano coming from a newly opened "Yankee" lager-beersaloon not far away, whose proprietor had proclaimed its attractions to the crowd on garish banners that were flaunting over a water-sprinkled entrance.

THE BRIDGE OF SPAIN.

Crossing the Bridge of Spain near the noon time is no speedy achievement, Moments often lengthen into minutes before one can leave the Escolta and enter the long procession towards the bridge. Patient American soldiers, serving as policemen, in time found a place for us in the northward moving line of carriages. The progress was so slow that there was ample opportunity for study of the manifold types of humanity moving on the foot and carriage ways. Crowds were there, always coming and going, and perpetually renewed: rich and poor, in silks, in linen and in rags; of high and low degree; civil, military and clerical; freemen and prisoners of war; merchant and coolie; general and menial; now and then a lady of America

or Europe, comfortable in a carriage, while close by trudged the dark-skinned native woman bearing aloft some burden. Denizens of all the continents seemed to have been gathered into the moving throngs. The bridge is a handsome structure more than four hundred feet in length. It is composed of five arches, some of stone and some of iron, all resting on massive masonry piers. From it, the busy river east and west makes a diverting and fascinating picture.

PASEO DE VIDAL.

Once well across the river the way to my destination rapidly became unobstructed. Three broad avenues radiate from the south approach to the bridge. My road was over the Paseo de Vidal, a boulevard leading around the south-eastern line of the ramparts of the Citadel for fully a mile, bordered on the left with the remains of the municipal Botanical Gardens, some barracks, the military parade grounds and some hospitals that were built under the Spanish regime. On the right is a wide, open, grassy lawn that spreads as far as to the moat that separates between it and the ancient fortifications. But once during that mile's length did I notice that the

walls were broken for an entrance gate. That formidable front faces the region of greatest danger, the land side whence from days of old the foes of Manila and Spain have most often sought the city's conquest. From that side the present victors from the Far West came. The devastation now visible along that Paseo, had been wrought, I am informed, to give a clear line of defence against the American assault last year.

ERMITA AND MALATE.

Near the south angle of the walls, passing the ruins of an old Spanish redan or outwork, and a line of barracks now occupied by American soldiers, our way turned into the straight Calle Real that, for nearly two miles, runs through the handsome suburban villages of Ermita and Malate to an old-time fort, that of San Antonio, the only fortification built in the far past that was bombarded last year by the guns of Admiral Dewey's fleet. To Dewey's magnanimity is owing the fact that the "Very Noble City" itself had been left to interest the tourist and to delight the artistic sense. How near this picturesque monument to Spain's prowess and skill came to destruction was brought to mind as we

passed, at the entrance into Ermita, an earthwork in which the Spaniards had mounted for protection against the Americans two fine twenty-four centimetre guns. At the famous naval battle those guns were brought into service. But not for long. Admiral Dewey,—so the story goes—immediately notified the Spanish commander that should another shot be fired from that battery he would shell the city. The guns were thenceforth silent. Entering Ermita we passed another church that might be a church from any village in Roman Catholic Europe. Here, along our way appeared villas and gardens surrounded by luxuriant tropical vegetation, with here and there the hovels of the poor bordering the estates of the rich. The stateliness of the street was broken now and then by a newly opened liquor-shop, tempting the soldiers passing to and from the farther barracks. Just before entering Malate which adjoins Ermita there appeared on the sea-side, the new English suburban club building, a stately mansion approached by a driveway that encloses a beautiful fountain and is enclosed by masses of flowering plants and large-foliaged tropical trees. Not far from the club is a Red Cross Hospital, large, open and clean. Then, we drove by some bar-

racks crowded with soldiers of the United States regular army. Some more broad, low, but stately villas within beautiful grounds then appeared, when, suddenly turned towards the sea, I was carried through a generous gateway, along a gravelled path to the steps of the side entrance of the house that my American friends had made for themselves. The blazing hot noon of the tropics had come, and I was glad to rest for a while from the bewildering hours spent on Manila's streets.

A MANILA HOME.

Possibly you would like to know of the kind of house into which I then was welcomed. It is a long, broad bungalow having a floor raised about five feet from the ground. Between it and the street lies the garden of which I spoke before, ornamented in the centre by a fountain, and bearing in great abundance foliage, shrubbery and flowers that serve as a shield for the inmates of the house against the curious eyes of passers by, and that delight the senses with color and fragrance. Fronting the garden and reached by wide steps is a vine-surrounded porch extending the whole width of the house, whence one may enter, by large windows and doors, a vestibule that is as

wide as the porch. This vestibule, large enough for the dancing of a good sized Virginia reel, is richly frescoed in dark colors,—walls and ceiling. Its floor is made of hardwood boards, so hard as to seem rather like metal than wood, laid in alternating colors, yellow and brown, and so highly polished as to look more like costly furniture than a floor. Here is social hall, drawing room and family gathering place, all in one. Leading backwards from the vestibule for about seventy five feet, is a generous corridor. From one side of this passage, doors open into five large chambers for the use of separate members of the family. In a certain sense this corridor is only a balcony. It may be thrown wholly open, on the side opposite the bed rooms, upon the shaded driveway that leads thence to the carriage house, and servants quarters. At the further end of the passage way, by flights of steps under three Moresque arches, one ascends to a large enclosed platform that covers the carriage house, and serves as the general dining room. The walls of the dining room are frescoed so as to simulate the trellises of a grape arbor. Everywhere in the building are Pompeii-like decorations; floors of hard wood laid, as in the vestibule, in alternating colors ;

high studded ceilings with open gratings under them for the free circulation of air, and large windows unglazed, but iron barred and heavily shuttered. Towards the sea the view is fully open. The house is especially characterized by spaciousness, airiness, shade and a free outlook across the bay.

CONCERNING IMPORTANT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

Seated in the corridor after luncheon, my friends and I fell to talking over times in our past, of the seige of Manila last year and of the present problems in America's relations to these far away islands. Besides the hostess and her guest, a general, a surgeon and a lieutenant of the American army were there. What we really said I do not repeat. The opinions that I now associate with that afternoon have had their sources elsewhere, and I alone must be held responsible for them. I use them this evening merely to fill out our picture.

"Yes," said the general, "Manila is an interesting city, and the Philippine Islands may be very valuable, but, I tell you, it would be an act of supreme folly for the United States to incorporate them into its own territory, or to enter into intimate political and social rela-

tions with the Philippines people." We took the general's judgment for our text. Our talk was in large part but comment upon it. When the American army entered Manila last summer,—so I was told,—the broad firm streets, the beautiful and comfortable homes, the prosperous looking houses of business, the impressive architecture of the civil and religious edifices within the Citadel, these, together with the delights of relief from ditch-like trenches and swampy fields and an enthusiastic friendliness among the Filipinos, gave to the Americans so much satisfaction, that many of them had "willing souls to stay in such a frame" as that. But the satisfaction had soon given way; the charm had failed, and generally they had at last come to wish that the sooner they could be sent back to the United States, with the Philippines problem so settled that the United States should not be entangled with the future affairs of the Filipinos, the better for themselves and for the Great Republic of the West. The array of reasons set forth for this judgment was large and to me of decisive weight. The situation if properly understood in the United States—so we believed—would soon stop the growing movement there for annexation of the

islands. "Commercially," asserted the doctor, "there is no prospect here for great profit for American manufacturers or agriculturists. There is only a small portion of the things grown or made in the United States that the Filipinos want. However, be the prospect for a market for home products among this people, what it may, there can be no doubt whatever," added the doctor, "that politically and socially, Americans can expect but little reciprocal good from them. The islands can never be made the home for white laborers. Climate is against that. Besides, they are already well filled with a native population. They can not consequently become colonies. So far as mere self-interest is concerned there seems to be no inducement that should incline the people of the United States to try to appropriate this country as their own." Of course,—so we agreed—there is the need of a naval station for coaling and repair somewhere near the Asiatic Coast, but that need does not involve the annexation of a whole archipelago. However, this is not all. The Filipinos themselves, I was told, had become an obstacle in the way of the imperialistic ambitions awakened in the United States. Partly on account of a lack of appreciation or

of sympathy, and in large part through a desire not to embarrass the American Administration, the American military and naval authorities, with the downfall of Manila, had become especially reticent in their intercourse with the officials of the "Philippine Republic." The regulative principle controlling whatever relations were maintained between General Otis and his officers and President Aguinaldo and his friends, seemed to have been that of the proverb, "the less said, the sooner mended." In a measure this attitude was correctly taken, was the general's comment, since negotiations for a treaty of peace with Spain were still going on and the President of the United States was not prepared to proclaim any definite policy towards the Philippines even though he had formulated one. But this silence and seeming indifference on the part of the Americans had appeared to the Filipinos not sympathetic. It had aroused their suspicions. At length they had become impatient and were over-persistent in their demands. Their friendly mood had changed into one of alienation. When it was evident, by the drafted "Treaty of Paris," that the sovereignty over the islands held by Spain was to be

actually ceded to the United States, the leaders of the "Philippine Republic," without waiting to learn whether the Americans would accept that sovereignty and hold it in trust for their people, or assume it for their own use, arose in rebellious wrath, and had prepared for armed resistance. They had proclaimed to the world that, they would die fighting their new foe, and that "upon the United States would be the responsibility for the blood that might be shed." The morning of the very day I here recall, Aguinaldo's defiant proclamation ending with the words I have just quoted had been posted throughout Manila. Thus, the Filipinos themselves had become a formidable obstacle against the movement for American expansion in the Far East. This fact—so it seemed to us—is a very serious reason why the American people, who had once fought for years to the death for their own political independence, should not now seek to administer a conquered sovereignty over these unconsenting islanders. We talked of the possibility of the use of force by the American government to compel the Filipinos to recognize the sovereignty that America had wrested from Spain. But, we concluded, that such extreme

measure, even if attempted, would never find support at home. Certainly, thought the doctor, a more unwilling army could not take the field against an enemy than that of America if sent to make a war of conquest of these independent people. Naturally, if the Filipinos were to attack the garrison of Manila, they would be taught a severe lesson. But that kind of war would be very different from one that should be intended to subjugate an alien, self-asserting nation. Further it came out in our talk, that the experience of the fall and winter in Manila had made it clear to many observers that the reason above all others why the Americans and the Filipinos should not enter into intimate political union is the wide difference of race. "Has it not become perfectly evident," asked the lieutenant, "that the soldiers, like all Anglo-Saxons, or for that matter all white men, can never be brought to accept the Filipinos as their social equals?" "Especially," added the doctor "if we should take them into the American political family, where equal rights and duties are proclaimed for all its members by our country's constitution?" We concluded that, even though the summer's friendliness between the Americans and

the Filipinos had continued and the proposed political union had been secured, harmonious relations between the two peoples could not long have been maintained. Most white men instinctively feel themselves to be the superiors of men of colour, and their demeanor ordinarily shows it. The Anglo-Saxon never fully coalesces with people of any other race. The fact is never successfully concealed. The relation of the Filipino to him, so long as the Filipino is physically the weaker, must be that of alien, either as inferior or as subject. The two cannot be brought together as equals and as companions in the same political household. Let them remain members of different nationalities, like English and Chinese, and mutual dislikes or contempts may exist without perilous consequences to the separate peoples. But bring them together, as Americans are brought together with the negroes of the Southern States, or with the Indians of the Western plains, under intimate political bonds, and resentments, riots, rebellion and war will be inevitable until one people or the other succumbs defeated, and is thereafter kept powerless.

So passed the early afternoon in that breezy

corridor. Our talk ranged yet further than I have here shown, but what has been recalled is enough, I think, to make it plain that the people of the United States would do well to avoid as far as possible, the intimacies of political union with the alien races of the Malay Archipelago.

Various duties before long sent the members of our party into different directions. I whiled away the hours until the descending sun cast a dazzling light upon the rippling waters of the bay and far along through the upon door way into the corridor.

THE LUNETTA AND THE PASEO DE LUCIA.

As the sun neared the horizon, like all the rest of Manila who could, we,—hostess and her guest,—were on our way to enjoy the sunset, the cooling air of the evening at the bay-side, the music given at the pavilion and the thousand of folk forth at that hour for pleasure, to see and to be seen. Our way was towards the city for a mile or more, back over the street which I had traversed at noon, as far as the two-gun battery that had been silenced by Admiral Dewey's threat. Leaving the battery to the left, we entered directly upon the celebrated Luneta, an oval

drive by the sea-wall, nearly a thousand feet long. Here, during the hour after sunset, almost daily, pass carriages in close succession, and the raised area bounded by the drive is thronged with pedestrians. Central in the area is a large music pavilion. Near that, carriages may stand while the music is played, and there chairs by the hundred may be had for the crowd's comfort during the evening. As we reached the Luneta before the sun had set, we drove farther on to the south angle of the ramparts of the Citadel, where, straight away to the north, lies the lovely boulevard along which I had had a glimpse from the launch in the morning, the Paseo de Santa Lucia. We followed the many carriages already moving down this promenade. Then came an hour of romantic pleasure to one just from lands of snow and cold ;—an hour that for the Manilan quite redeems the discomfort of his torrid day. The mid-day heat had gone and a delicious breeze blew landwards from the bay's golden waters. The sun hung over the ocean-bounded horizon. On the right, the picturesque roofs, towers and domes rising from behind the Citadel's walls were aglow and radiant. Along the gray parapets were gathered hundreds upon

hundreds of light-blue uniformed Spanish soldiers who had climbed there from their church and monastery prisons to enjoy the cool of the day and to see the passing pleasure seekers. Below them fell the sharp-cut bastions and buttresses of the walls into the wide moat that separated the walls from counter-scarp and the open land;—the moat, no longer water-filled but overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. Between moat, and the drive-way is a spacious grass covered lawn and a broad foot path, beside which under rows of low-branching palms, are numerous settees placed for public use. Midway on the drive my attention was directed to the highly ornamented gateway of Santa Lucia, behind which rises a recently completed handsome and stately four-storied convent, which, divided by one of the city's main thoroughfares, is yet bound together by a bridge—"a bridge" explained my hostess, "we call the 'Bridge of Sighs' both from its use and its likeness to that famous bridge in Venice." Our drive was as far as to the end of the Paseo, at the river's embankment. While we were there the sun sank beneath the horizon. Then appeared one of the most opulent displays imaginable of sunset glory. With but

few exceptions I was told, one may witness from the sea-front at Manila the days close in outbursts of gorgeous color. What I then saw in clouds, and sky, over land and water, I should beggar were I to attempt its description.

Circling around the monument that heads the Paseo, past the busy scene on the river, near in front I saw again the grim Santiago Fort that had aroused interest and imagination in the early morning. In the day's goings I had thus completely encircled the triangle of defences that shuts in from the world Spain's Far Eastern work of triumph, and of reproach too, the gathering of those buildings in which had centered the religious and civil power, from which her rule for three centuries had gone forth. Much food for reflection was there.

But the quick darkness of the tropic evenings had come. We hastened on our way back to the festal hour on the Luneta. From the brilliant pavilion there came strains of happy music, reminders of home. But amid what strange surroundings! Here and there in open carriages were listeners with home-like faces; but far more numerous than these were members of Manila's best households, strange in feature and dark of hue yet richly dressed;

their jeweled ornaments glittering under the electric lamps that lined the park area, the same lights that had shone star like in the early morning to our far off vessel. About the music stand had gathered a varied throng, met from many lands. Little flower girls were disposing of their wares to flattered buyers. The scene was free from all care. The host of spectators, on pleasure bent, seemed to have lost all memory of war, except perhaps in its romance as seen in the uniformed musicians and in the social parade of uniformed men.

When the music ceased we moved away with the dispersing crowd. Soon we were in the darkness of Malate's main street. Overhead the cloudless sky was thick with stars. The Pole star hung low in the north. Out in the west, reaching almost to the zenith, stood the lustrous cone of the Zodiacal Light. The air was sweet with flowers that bloom with the nightfall when we left our carriage in the garden at my friend's house.

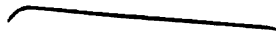
My first day in Manila had closed. I had not entered the Citadel itself. Yet, had I gone through that part of "the Very Noble City," I could not tell of it now, for the hour I may take of your time has passed.







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